

Compendium by Usiel21

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Summary:

Compendium - a collection of concise but detailed information about a particular subject. A look at the Lives of Eleven and Mike throughout the years from the moment they were separated to their bright and burning future. Mileven Fluff and a Happy Ending for once! lol

1. Chapter 1

Time.

It defined so many aspects of life whether for good or ill, for Mike and Eleven it meant so many things on both side of the proverbial coin. For Mike and Eleven it represented so many things but for them there was one particular passage of time that caused so much heartache, tribulations and despair.

353 days.

353 days that they had been separated from the other, it felt as though a piece of their soul was missing, Mike regressed into a shadow of his former self committing petty crimes, vandalism or skipping lessons even stealing money from his sister once or twice. But every night he called out to her, without fail, every night he sat in the fort that was now a sort of monument to her and called out to her wherever she might be.

No matter how impossible or how futile it seemed Mike never gave up on her. To give up was to admit defeat, to admit that she was dead like everyone had thought she was. As he grew from the boy that Eleven had met, he grew taller, leaner, losing the baby fat from his face, his feelings in her absence had grown stronger with every passing day. Mike thought he was suffering alone.

Of course that was not the case. Eleven suffered too watching the boy tear himself apart.

Eleven watched from the blackness of the void as his heart called out to her, the sun that was his heart lightning up even the darkest corners of her existence, she would watch and weep for the boy who pined for her because she was just the same, she was always reaching across the vast emptiness of the void to him, reaching out to the boy of pure heart. To the boy she unknowingly fell in love with.

Remembering his devotion and loyalty as he declared that even if he did know where she was he would never tell them, never. Eleven felt her heart flutter and expanded with a feeling she did not recognise.

She didn't linger and fled from the house spending the night under a fallen tree amongst the darkness as the bad men searched for her in the vast forest.

She wept that night, missing him like she was missing a part of herself, it was a feeling she would feel constantly in the pit of her stomach, but she would stay away if only to keep him safe. Before Hopper found her she would watch his school from the woods, unseen and hidden. Every time she saw him she would yearn to be by his side, to ride on the bike with him once more. Where she knew she belonged. Which was with him. She felt it in her heart.

But she didn't leave the relative safety of the woods, she would only watch as he would pedal away. This continued until she was found by Hopper, she never told him that she would watch him instead she focused on improving her abilities until she was able to go into the void without the bath.

The first time she managed to enter the void without the bath she had to recover for several days before trying so again, as time went on she could spend more time in the empty of blackness, until it became a daily routine for her. Being able to do so without wasting the majority of her energy.

The first time Hopper had discovered that she was doing this, he was furious. It was the first time they had an argument and certainly not the last.

"How Long has this been going on?" he shouted his face red

El turned her head away in shame, refusing to let the tears she felt fall before turning to face him

"Day 62" She whispered biting her lip.

Today was Day 95, Hopper just looked in shock, momentarily forgetting his parental anger before his eyes narrowed again as Eleven spoke up

"He doesn't know I'm there" She said, her lip trembled before she burst into tears and weakly falling to her knees, Hopper forgot his

anger completely and swooped over to the small girl and hugging her to his huge frame, she sobbed into his shirt.

“He calls to me every night, he needs me” she said through her tears. Grabbing fistfuls of his shirt as the sobs grew that more desperate and heart wrenching.

“I know, you’ll see him soon, I promise” Hopper said comfortingly

The declaration of the promise just sent her into harder sobs if that were even possible.

“I need him” she said as her tears starting to finally die down, it was then that Hopper realized just how deep of a bond the two of them had, it was scary, such devotion to each other from such a young age that was never seen. Hopper saw day by day how Eleven’s absence had affected him, Mike thought he was hiding his suffering well but nowhere near well enough for the chief of police. He knew that whatever future she had, Mike would be there, never to leave her side. To the end of all things.

Could what these two were experiencing was Love? The cynical side of Hopper wanted to say no but he knew better than that, he could see it in both Eleven’s eyes and in Mikes. He felt like an asshole for keeping them apart but it was needed to keep her safe, to keep everyone safe but it was also his redemption for betraying her to the bad men.

He wanted to be the father she never had and what he never got to be. And so he protected her, he fed and he’d teach. Slowly but surely a bond like that of a father and daughter was forged over those 353 days.

At the culmination of those 353 days, As the group waited in the Byers house for the attack that was to befall them as Demodogs howled in the distance, sending shivers down even Hoppers spine, he frantically threw the small hunting rifle to Nancy, it was even worse as there were kids among them including Mike, Hopper knew that if they were to be overrun that he would lay down his life for them all even if only it meant they would only get a few seconds of time to escape.

But his rifle lowered as the door opened as she stepped into the room.

Eleven walked in, triumphant as numerous demo-dogs lay dead in the Byers driveway, she looked at each of them in turn before her eyes were drawn to the Ebony haired boy who had since slowly moved forward, drawn like a magnet to her.

Hopper turned his head to look at Mike, he noticed the look upon his face as it went through many emotions.

Shock, Heartache and then Happiness as a lovesick, soppy smile found itself making its way onto Mike's face. His eyes flicked between the two of them as the presence of everyone else was forgotten. They found themselves being drawn to the other.

"Eleven" Mike uttered

"Mike" Eleven barely managed to say before they found themselves in each others arms, both of them shaking and sobbing, unashamed and unabashed. Hopper knew from that moment that these two were going to be the death of him or just the reason why his hair was going to go grey sooner than normal.

He watched as they exchanged words with each other, Mike mentioning his vigil every day and then El said

"353 Days, I heard" She said finishing his sentence, the tears still coming, albeit silently. So that's how she knew how many days it had been, she was keeping track just like he was, these two had it bad for each other. Hopper decided to interject.

He took Mike into another room to talk privately, to get him to understand his point of view, but it only served to infuriate the boy, who started to relentlessly and passionately punch Hopper's stomach.

"You Disgusting, Lying, you piece of shit! LIAR! LIAR! LAIR! LIAR LAIR!" and his anger turned to that of sobs, Hopper did the only thing he could and hugged Mike to him, probably tighter than his own father ever had. Hopper now understood that this was not puppy love or a crush this was the real deal, it was deep and painful, all

encompassing and powerful. He was reminded of what Flo had said to Nancy as Jonathon was arrested for assaulting a police officer as well as assaulting Steve Harrington.

“Only love makes you that crazy and that damn stupid”

Eleven from the other room had basically heard the whole conversation including the rest of the gang. Eleven just bowed her head as she heard his pain, felt his pain and mirrored his pain. 353 days they had been apart. 353 days where they could have been happy and done so much together.

Eleven completely disregarded Max, seeing her as a threat, something that threatened to take Mike away from her. She would not allow it, not after everything.

Soon they were saying goodbye to each other again, upon the porch out the front, they shared a moment together, both being drawn in to a kiss as their emotions finally overwhelmed them and forced them to act upon the instinct and hormones that were driving them forward at this point. Unfortunately Hopper interrupted them telling her it was time for them to go.

Mike watched her go again, Hopper noticed that Eleven looked back towards Mike who was still stood on the porch, He looked broken as did she as they found themselves being separated once more, even though it was needed to save the world.

As they descended into the caverns below where the gate stood and the mind flayer stood just beyond it waiting for passage into their world, Eleven focused all of her energies and her anger upon closing the gate just like Kali had instructed her. But she didn't just use her anger, no she used something else that was just as powerful as anger.

An image of Mike came to her mind and her feet rose from the platform, she thought of all the times she spent with him and of all the times she was going to spend with him, the awkwardness, the kisses, the future. But most important of all she thought of just her and Mike, together, arms wrapped around the other.

Eleven screamed as that beautiful and blissful image burned itself

into her mind, the gate was unable to resist her passion induced power and it felt itself being closed forever, the mind flayer enraged unleashed it's energy at her.

But in her mind's eye Mike stood in front of her protectively as the energy pummelled towards her, the image of Mike formed the barrier between her and the titanic monster, the mind flayer roared in fury as its attempts were entirely futile as the gate closed. Forever. Eleven collapsed finally, expending all of her energies.

Fast forward a month later to the snow ball.

Mike stood up, his brain simply unable to comprehend the stunning beauty that had just entered the gym, Eleven looked around slightly overwhelmed before her eyes settled on Mike and that feeling of being overwhelmed simply just melted away.

They walked up to each other, the world simply faded to nothingness around them like they were the only two left in the world.

They danced the night away, the way Mike looked at her made her feel like she was the most beautiful of God's creatures on the Planet because to him she was, Mike's eyes never left hers, drinking her In, he felt no control over his own body as he leant in to give her a brief but gentle kiss.

Their bodies exploded as their lips made contact, as they pulled apart El's lips were parted and eyes fluttered, due to the intensity of the kiss before she smiled up at him which he whole-heartedly returned before she rested her head upon his, completely content.

They were both content. Together again. Like it always was meant to be.

For the next year Eleven remained hidden at the cabin, getting ready for the day where she would join them in High School, Mike was the only one allowed regular visits, Hopper vowed to not keep them apart seeing how badly it tore them apart during that first year.

High school started, Eleven found herself, uncomfortably, the centre of attention and to Mike's displeasure most of the freshmen lads. Many of them tried to impress or ask El out who would just politely

refuse every time. Rumours started to spread that she was the girlfriend of Mike Wheeler.

Whispers would follow them everywhere for a few weeks, questioning why El would be with someone like Mike, but as the years went on even the girls of their year started to become interested in the quickly growing Michael Wheeler.

Many tried to tempt Mike away, Eleven would glare at them as some even dared to try so in front of her and each one that did would suddenly find themselves falling headfirst into their locker as El walked past. Mike would try to be disapproving but would fail every time just due to how cute El was when she was jealous.

The Years Went On.

Only when they were 16 did they have their first fight.

They both remember it vividly, they didn't speak to each other for over a week, everyone felt awkward around them as they tried to force conversation out of the two of them where they would only give them a one word answer, both of them would glare at each other across the table, giving each other the silent treatment, the others would just stare in astonishment as they never fought. That was until on the eighth day something happened.

Eleven had just walked out of her English class to find a crowd had gathered in the hallway, a fight was going on as the kids cheered as they usually did when a fight was going down but what she saw shocked her.

Mike and Troy were the two fighting. Both their faces were bloody, Mike had a split lip and Troy had blood coming from one nostril. They both panted heavily from the effort.

"What's the matter frogface? Scared? Heard you two had a fight, maybe now she'll get with a real man" Troy Taunted

The fight was about her.

Eleven watched as Mike's face contorted with rage

“You will not go near her!” Mike declared furiously, his fists clenched by his side.

Troy unperturbed continued to taunt Mike

“Maybe she realizes what a loser you are!” Troy taunted with a smirk

With something akin to a Battle cry Mike lunged toward Troy who saw the move coming from a mile away and Punched Mike square in the Jaw who lost his footing and hit the hallway floor. Eleven pushed her way through the crowd having seen enough.

“You will not touch him again” she said her hard gaze fixed upon Troy, the crowd grew silent in anticipation. Mike looked up to her from his position on the floor.

“What you gonna do? Your probably just a freak like him” Troy spat

She nodded in agreement before adding “How’s the arm Troy?”

Troy paled at the humiliation he suffered after everyone found out a girl had broken his arm. “What’s it to you freak” Troy asked glowering.

She walked forward and leaned towards his ear and she whispered.

“Touch him again and I will break more than just your arm” She whispered angrily before retreating to stand beside Mike who was still on the floor, Troy’s face immediately went pale as finally realized who he was talking to you

“Y..Y..You” he stammered looking at her in fear.

“Yes. Me” she said fixing him with the same stare from four years ago. “Go” She said in the same tone like all those years ago, her head lowered slightly towards her chest, Troy didn’t need telling twice before scrambling away in sheer terror, needless to say Troy never bothered them again.

The crowd dispersed seeing now that that the fight was over as Eleven held out her hand to Mike who took it and rose back to his

feet and led him down the corridor, still neither of them saying a word to each other until they rounded a corner.

She rounded to face him and slapped Mike lightly across the face, Mike, shocked raised his hand to his slightly red cheek and when just as suddenly Eleven crashed her lips upon his. Mike didn't hesitate in wrapping his fingers into her curly hair as the kiss was deepened, several seconds passed until they regretfully broke apart for air.

"I'm sorry El" Mike said, to which El shook her head at

"No, I'm sorry Mike" she replied stroking the cheek she slapped. Their eyes lingered on the other for a moment with a silent promise to never argue again, at least over nothing silly.

They Graduated and went to college, Mike went to study bio-chemistry and Eleven went to study to become a speech therapist. They graduated with honours.

They were 21 when Mike Proposed to her, with Hoppers blessing of course, to Hopper there was no-one more worthy of marrying his daughter then Mike. When Mike and El went to tell the gang, Dustin hid a look of triumph as both Max and Lucas discreetly handed over several dollar bills to him, Will just sniggered in the background.

They were 23 when they got married, a simple yet beautiful ceremony in which even Hopper, who would deny later on, shed a tear or two as he gave his daughter away, El's eyes welled up when she looked at the sheet of paper they signed that now declared them Man and Wife.

Jane El Wheeler.

Dustin sat happily counting the bills that Max and Lucas had to fork over yet again to him. Chuckling at their misfortune.

They were 25 when they found out that Eleven was pregnant. Mike fainted when he heard the news, it took five minutes of gentle face slapping to rouse him from unconsciousness. Eleven always assumed that the lab would have made her infertile but then again maybe she escaped before they could make that a reality.

Nevertheless, Mike fainted once more when he found out they were having twins, once he woke Mike and Eleven had been delighted and spent many nights talking about how awesome their kids were going to be.

And so Eleanor and Nathaniel Wheeler were born on November 2nd 1995

Eleanor was just like her father, had an immense love for anything to do with science and ate knowledge up like a sponge but she was also loud and boisterous and essentially a nerd. But a lovable nerd. Her power manifested in this way as well Psychometry, the ability to obtain knowledge and history of an object by touch.

Nathaniel however was just like his mother, careful, quiet and considerate but with a thirst for knowledge just like his sister, always protecting his sister from the would be bullies his powers were the same as his mothers who taught him not only how to control it but also how to channel them as well.

Mike was always grumbling about he was the only one without the powers in their little family.

Eleven would smile to herself and shake her head

“You not have Powers Mike but you have your heart, that is your power” Eleven said giving him a small kiss on the lips, Mike just smiled and looked down at his shoes shyly feeling like he was twelve all over again.

2001 came along with the release of The Lord of The Rings: Fellowship of the Ring, Mike was ecstatic to go see it, Whilst El had never read the books she knew enough to along to see it.

El sat in awe in theatre, her eyes never left the screen, Mike found himself watching El more than the film watching her reactions and responses to everything.

“NO!” she shouted when Boromir was struck by arrow, but he continued to fight on for his friends, until he was struck by another and another. Falling to his knees, by this point Eleven was in near tears as Lurtz was about to fire an Arrow at point-blank range.

She cried Silently when he did eventually die from his wounds but was happy that Frodo had Sam with him, Mike noted silently that Sam looked a little like Bob but he kept that to himself. As the end credits rolled everyone was silent until someone started to slowly clap, until someone started to do so as well until everyone including Mike and El had started clapping and cheering inside the Cinema.

She had decided that Boromir was her favourite character, as he sacrificed himself for his friends just like she did during that week, noticing the parallels to herself.

As they left they were quiet unable to comprehend what they had just seen.

“That was.... Wow” Mike finished lamely, El hummed in agreement as they climbed into the car and headed home. Until El spoke up as blunt as ever.

“I demand to see the next one” El said looking at Mike.

Mike briefly glanced at El before turning his eyes back to the road chuckling slightly at her demand.

“The next one won’t be out for a while El” Mike said.

El huffed and pouted the rest of the way home, Mike resisted glancing at her as much as he could simply because El looked insanely cute when she pouted.

Over the years Mike, Eleven, Eleanor and Nathaniel would have more moments like these, funny moments, happy moments as they were a family, the Wheeler family, Mike thought back to when he was a teenager when he thought Eleven was gone, maybe forever, he chanced a glance at her before looking back to the road.

But here they were living day after day, together and happy.

This was their Compendium.

2. Desperate Despair

Mike looked down to his bloodied and bruised knuckles although there was no pain, everything seemed numb to him now, his split knuckles seemed insignificant to him right now, everything pretty much did. He could only feel three particular emotions. Anger, Sadness and Numbness.

Anger because it was simply not fair, not fair that she died and he lived and some nights he wished he had died with her, it was like the universe was laughing at him cruelly, Anger pulsed within him the likes of which he had never felt before.

Sadness because she was gone, a girl so goddamn special and important to him, her innocent brown orbs, the warmth that was to be found there was like no other. She was gone and Mike felt every single piece of his heart that she ripped out with her, a part of him that simply could not be replaced, they say time heals all wounds, but this wasn't a wound, no, it was a deep and searing gash filled with poison.

Numbness because anything was better than the crippling sadness and painstaking anger, he thought he was going crazy, that night when he was constantly questioned about her whereabouts, he swore he saw a ghostly reflection looking back at him and it made his heart heavy and his soul burdened with the weight of a broken heart.

He glanced over to the fort that was still up in her memory, left untouched by the ravages of time and decay. A testament to the fact she was once there, sleeping, eating and just simply being her.

Troy had gotten what he deserved.

Every single punch was worth it along with a punch that had been thrown so hard that he cracked a tooth. Mike smiled in bitter satisfaction. After what he said about her it was lucky for both of them that he hadn't beaten the boy to death.

And within the darkness of the basement that reflected that of his soul, Mike crawled into her fort. Lip trembling. Mike Wheeler

succumbed to the cold embrace of despair.

And wept.

Letting out a desperate and pitiful sob that reflected his broken soul. Mike allowed the darkness to take him. And it welcomed him with open arms.

It Always Did.

XxX

In a desolate cabin far off the beaten track, a girl with short hair tore off the blindfold and wept with him. Uttering a single, solitary word.

“Mike”

Notes for the Chapter:

(A/N) bit short I know but some of these chapters will either be drabbles or something akin to a thousand words.

Author's Note:

(A/N) for once I did a happy story yay lol I may make this into a series at some point if I can get enough ideas together, like little snippets into their lives. Depends if I get inspiration or not

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!